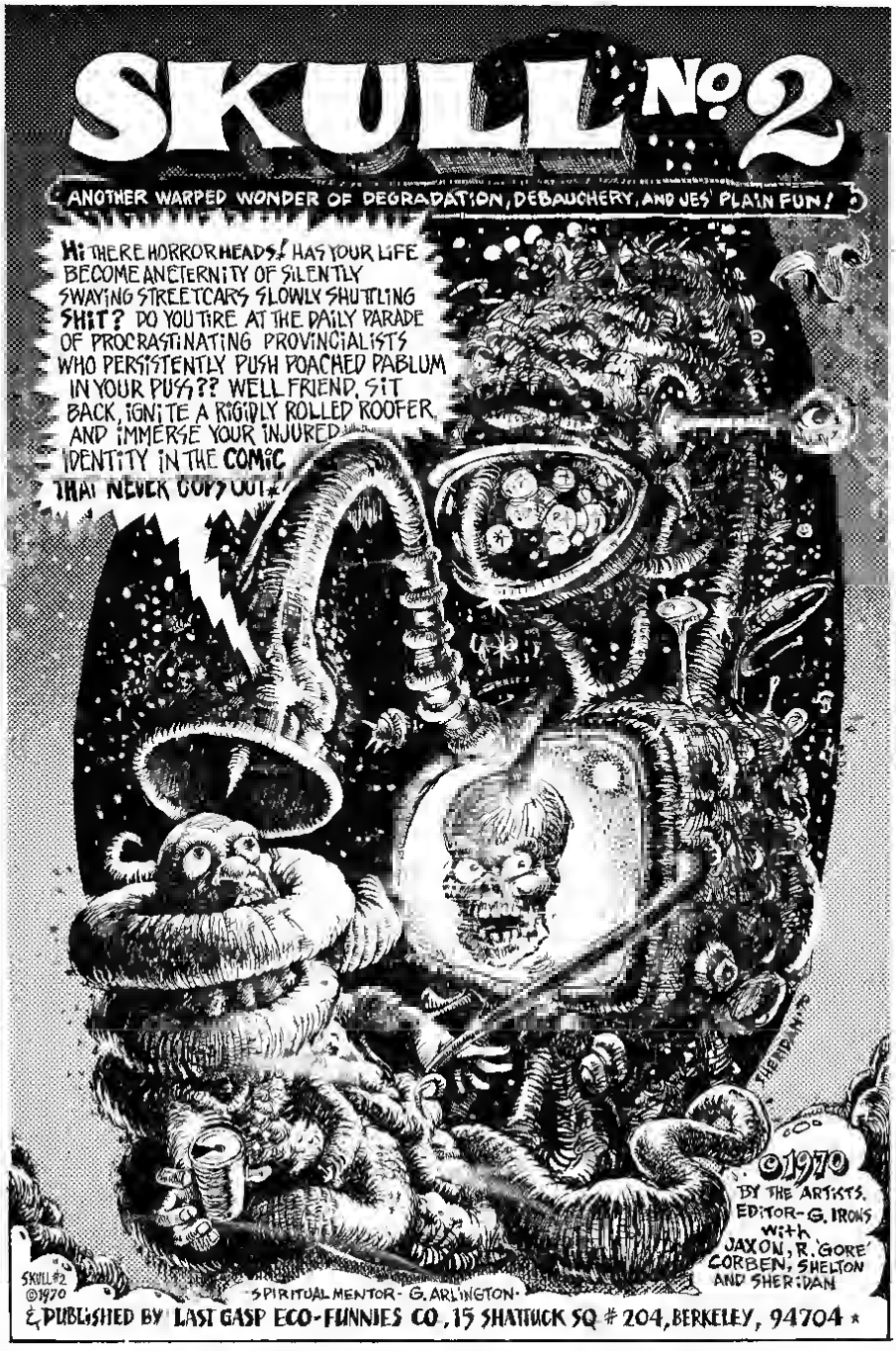
TALES CONTRIVED TO FLIP YOU OUT OF YOUR...

SKULL COMICS

50¢ ADULTS ONLY

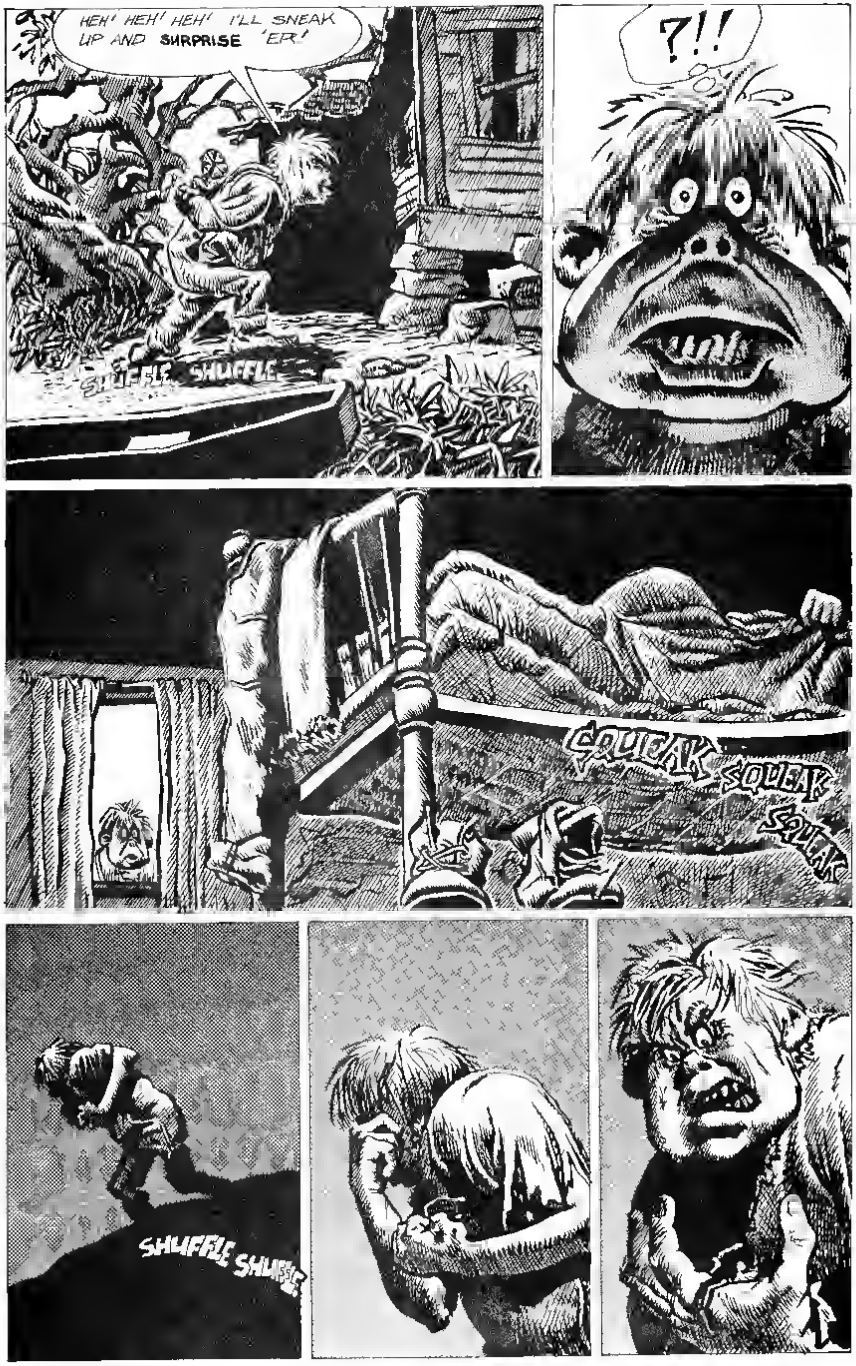
100% HORRID!

VOLUME I, #2



· TITLE © SAN FRANCISCO COMIC BOOK CO 3339 23RD ST., S F CALIF 94110 ·

WELCOME FEAR FANS! THIS IS YER SCAREY STORY TELLER FELLER, GURGGY TATE! BACK HERE IN THA SWAMP, THERE'S MANY A TALE TO CHILL YER BONES. THAT CRITTER THERE IS OLE LAME LEM. HIS GAL IS SWEET BELLE, THE PURTIEST THING LEM EVER HAD.
LAME LEM'S LOVE
OH! A FLOWER! I'LL PICK IT FER BELLE...
SHE'LL LIKE IT... CAUSE SHE LIKES FLOWERS! YUP!


HEH! HEH! HEH! I'LL SNEAK UP AND SURPRISE 'ER!
SHUFFLE SHUFFLE
?!!
SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK
SHUFFLE SHUFFLE

WHY, IT'S HORACE... HORACE MANOR! HE WAS RINGIN SWEET BELLE'S CHIME!
HORACE!
AARGHG!
STAB
STAB
STAB
STAB
STAB
STAB
LEM NO!
GURGLE
DRIP
SWEET BELLE IS MINE!
NOT TONIGHT LEM! AHM TOO TUCKERED!

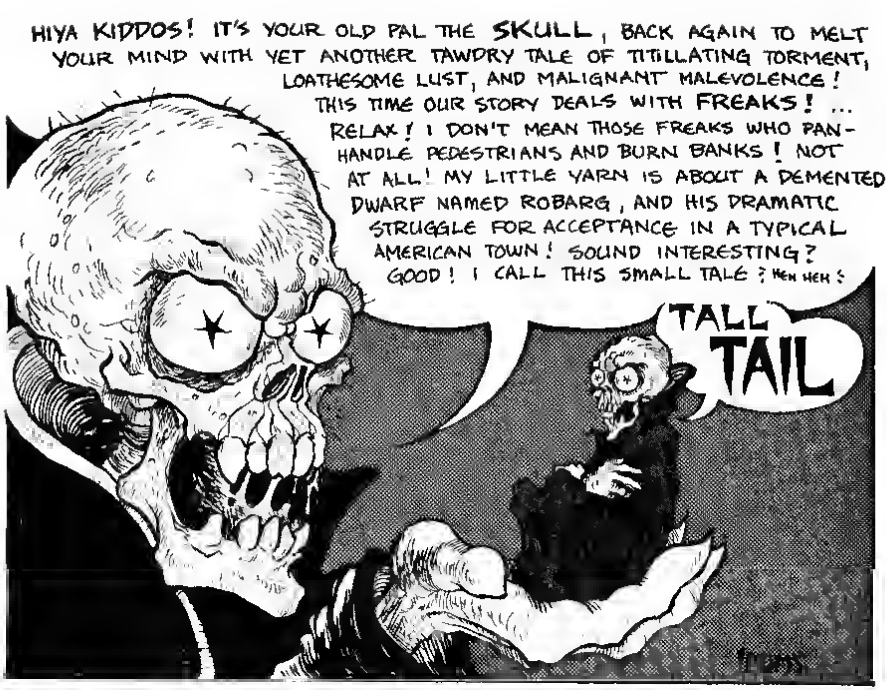
THE NEXT DAY
MY BELLE, SHE'S A PURTY THING! I LOVES HER SO MUCH!... NOW HORACE MANOR IS DEAD... AND SHE'LL LOVE ME AGIN!
SQUEAK SQUEEK SQUEAK
BASH BASH
THE NEXT DAY
SQUEEK SQUEAK SQUEEK
BLAM BLAM
A DAY LATER
SQUEAK SQUEEK SQUEAK

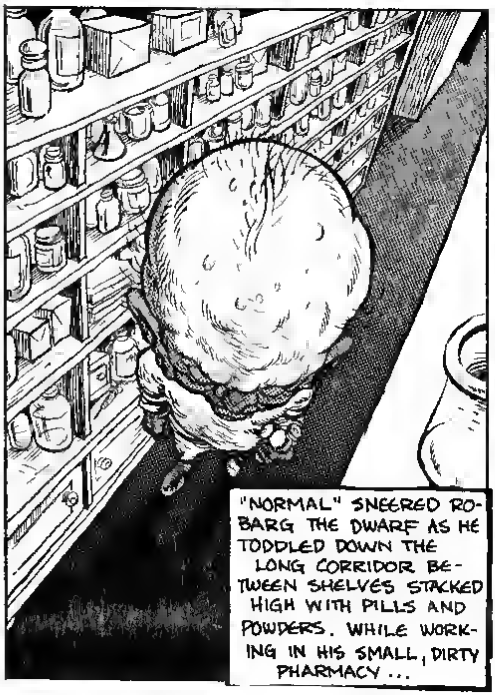
I JES CAN'T TAKE NO MORE! THIS'LL BE THE LAST...
CHOP
SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE
FLE
NO, LEM! I TOL YA TEN TIMES ALREADY. I BEEN FEELIN TOO POORLY FOR US TO CONSUMMATE OUR MARRIAGE!
SWEET BELLE... YOU AINT BEEN PLAYIN FAIR!... YOU BEEN LIEIN! I SAW YA... YOU WAS CONSUMMATIN WITH SOME OTHER FELLERS!
WHAT?... WHY YOU LOUSEY BASTID! YOU SNEAKIN SONUVA BITCH! I'LL TELL YA WHY... I CANT STAND TO LOOK ATCHA, YA FREAK!... I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN HAVE YOU TOUCH MY BODY!... GET OUTTA HERE, WIERDO! TAKA DIVE! GET SICK! GO CRAWL UNDER A ROCK WHERE YA BELONG!

AH KILLED EM, BELLE... AH KILLED EM FER YOU. AH THOUGHT YOU'D LOVE ME AGIN.....AH WAS WRONG!
...ER PERHAPS I WAS WRONG LEM... I THINK AHM READY TO CONSUMMATE WITH YOU NOW... SO PUT THAT AXE DOWN!..
NO, BELLE,... YOU MUS DIE!
CHUNK
HELL WIF IT!
OL LEM'S HEART WAS BUSTED OVER THAT LITTLE INCIDENT HE STAYED AWAY FROM THA HOUSE, HOPING HE COULD FORGET ABOUT SWEET BELLE!
KRAP! AH NEVER DID MAKE IT WIF SWEET BELLE!
AH WAS HER HUSBAND!... I GOTTA RIGHT! IT'S JES BEEN A FEW DAYS,... SHE CANT BE TOO FAR GONE YET!

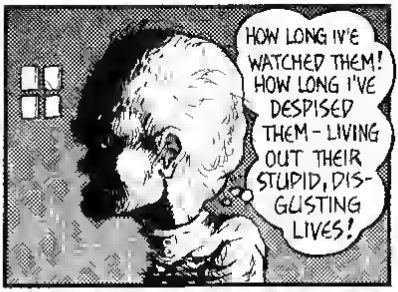
HEH! HEH! HEH! OH BOY.. BELLE, AH GONNA GETCHA AT LAST!
SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE
SQUEEK
SQUEAK
SQUEEK
SQUEAK
SQUEEK
SQUEAK
WHOOS IN DER?
*..RAAGH!.. LEM.. YA WOULDN'T GIVE.. THA DEAD THEIR PRIVACY!
RUSTLE
BUMP
CREAK
CREAK
CREAK

COME ON IN, YA LOUSEY CREEP!
BELLE?
THIS IS VERY FLATTERIN, LEM..... BUT I KNEW YOU'D SHOW UP.... FILTHY PERVERT!!
SORRY LEM.... THERE ARE STILL OTHERS THAT I PREFER TO YOUR NASTY CARCASS!
HORRGE!
NO! NO!
WE GONNA PULVERIZE EVER LAST CHUNK O' YOU! CAUSE YOU COME HERE TO DEFILE SWEET BELLE!
CHOP CHOP
BLAM
YAAAAK GLURG-IK
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR OLE LEM,... OR EVEN WHERE HIS HOUSE IS,... BUT OUT HERE SOMETIMES YA KIN HEAR A FAINT SQUEEKIN O' BED SPRINGS! HEH, HEH, HEH,.... BYE!


HIYA KIDDOS! IT'S YOUR OLD PAL THE SKULL, BACK AGAIN TO MELT YOUR MIND WITH YET ANOTHER TAWDRY TALE OF TITILLATING TORMENT, LOATHESOME LUST, AND MALIGNANT MALEVOLENCE! THIS TIME OUR STORY DEALS WITH FREAKS! ... RELAX! I DON'T MEAN THOSE FREAKS WHO PANHANDLE PEDESTRIANS AND BURN BANKS! NOT AT ALL! MY LITTLE YARN IS ABOUT A DEMENTED DWARF NAMED ROBARG, AND HIS DRAMATIC STRUGGLE FOR ACCEPTANCE IN A TYPICAL AMERICAN TOWN! SOUND INTERESTING? GOOD! I CALL THIS SMALL TALE? HEH HEH!
TALL TAIL


"NORMAL" SNEERED ROBARG THE DWARF AS HE TODDLED DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR BETWEEN SHELVES STACKED HIGH WITH PILLS AND POWDERS. WHILE WORKING IN HIS SMALL, DIRTY PHARMACY ...

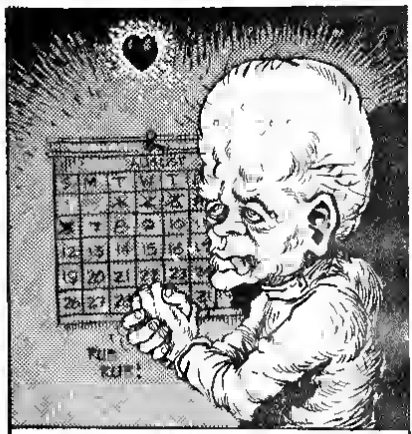
ROBARG SPENT A GOOD DEAL OF HIS TIME THINKING ABOUT THE "NORMAL" ONES... MUMBLING CURSES... HATING THE "NORMAL" ONES.



ROBARG WAS INDEED A FREAK, BUT HIS CONDITION WAS NOT ONLY PHYSICAL. HIS STUNTED, DEFORMED BODY HOUSED A MIND EVEN MORE TWISTED THAN HIS FRAME ... A MIND TOTALLY DERANGED BY **HATE!** THE TOWNSFOLK WHO VISITED ROBARG'S LITTLE SHOP DID NOT MAKE THINGS ANY EASIER..

OF COURSE, SINCE ROBARG DEPENDED ON HIS TORMENTORS FOR HIS VERY LIVLIHOOD, THERE WASN'T VERY MUCH THAT HE COULD DO EXCEPT WAIT... AND **HATE!**

ROBARG LOVED FELDA FROM THE MOMENT SHE FIRST WALKED THROUGH HIS DOOR, SCRIP IN SHAKING HAND. FELDA WASN'T EXACTLY DEVASTATING, BUT SHE WAS ROBARG'S SOLE DESIRE!

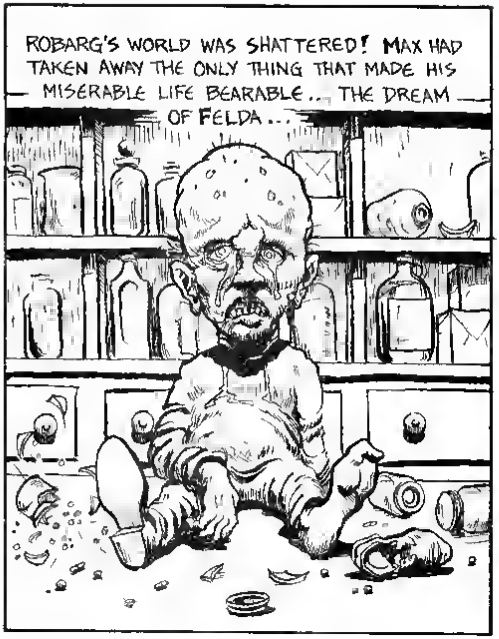


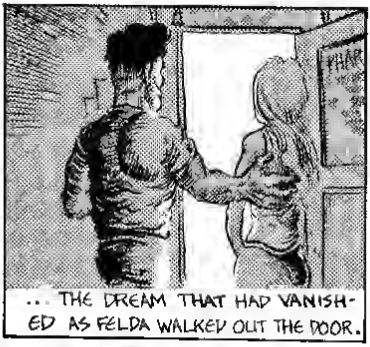
ROBARG LIVED FOR THE DAYS THAT FELDA CAME TO HIS SHOP TO HAVE HER PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED. THE REST OF THE TIME...

ROBARG HAD TO SATISFY HIMSELF BY CONJURING STRANGE FANTASIES... FANTASIES WHICH WERE, IN FACT, PRETTY SATISFYING...

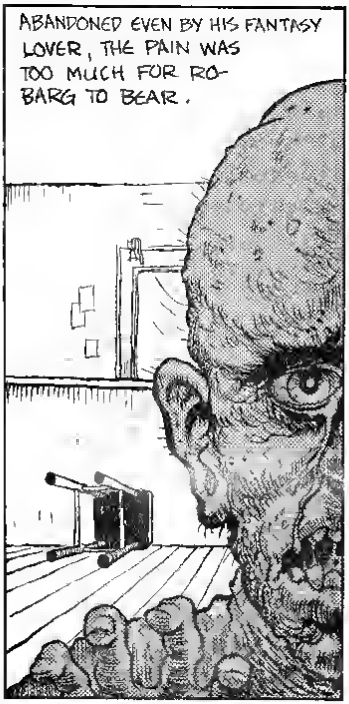
ROBARG DRIFTED IN A DREAM WORLD WHERE HE WAS KING AND FELDA WAS HIS SUBMISSIVE, OBEDIENT QUEEN... A WORLD FULL OF PLEASURE, FAR FROM THE TAUNTING TOWNSFOLK... NOT REALLY THE KIND OF FANTASIES THAT WOULD PLEASE WOMEN'S LIBERATION, BUT I NEVER SAID THAT ROBARG WAS PARTICULARLY WELL ADJUSTED.
NNRRGH! UH.. UNH!
POIT!
ONE DAY ROBARG'S REVERIE WAS ABRUBPTLYSHATTERED!
JRINGLE
NO ORDERS F WITHOUT PRESCRIPT
HIYA RUNT!
IT WAS BIG MAX HONKY, COME TO PICK UP HIS SUPPLY OF CONCENTRATED FROG BILE, WHICH HE BELIEVED INCREASED HIS POTENCY. BIG MAX WAS NOT ONLY BIG — HE WAS ALSO MEAN!

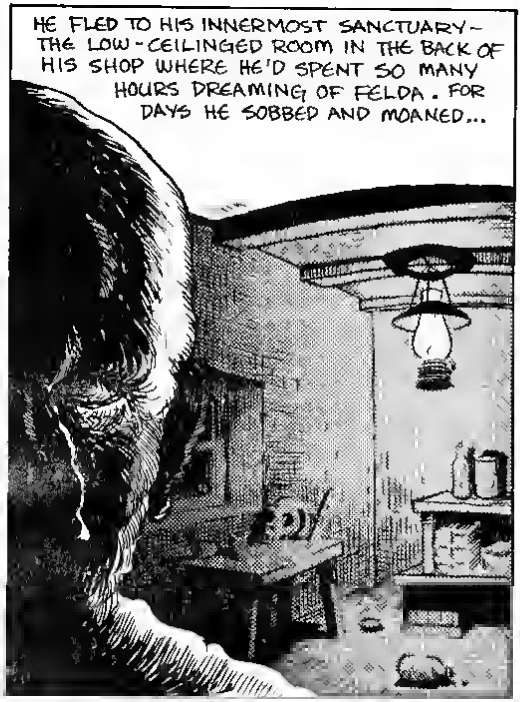
HEY SQUIRT! I WANT YOU SHOULD MEET MY NEW GIRL FELDA!
DEXEDRINE?
PHARMACY
NO! CHOKE! OH NO NO!
CRASH
CRETIN! HA HA HA!
FLING!
WASSAMATTA- MAYBE YOU DON' LIKE MY NEW GIRL?!?!! HAH?!?

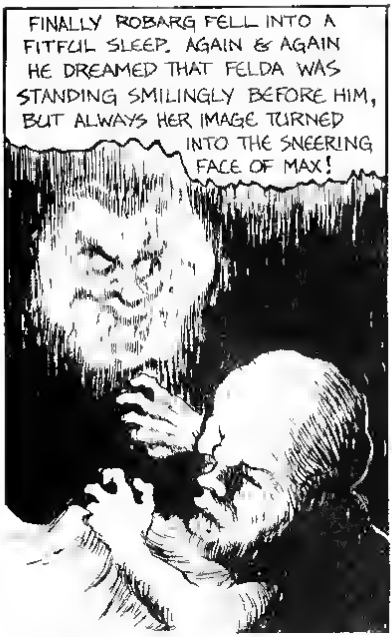

ROBARG'S WORLD WAS SHATTERED! MAX HAD TAKEN AWAY THE ONLY THING THAT MADE HIS MISERABLE LIFE BEARABLE... THE DREAM OF FELDA...


... THE DREAM THAT HAD VANISHED AS FELDA WALKED OUT THE DOOR.

ROBARG WAS ALONE.


ABANDONED EVEN BY HIS FANTASY LOVER, THE PAIN WAS TOO MUCH FOR ROBARG TO BEAR.


HE FLED TO HIS INNERMOST SANCTUARY - THE LOW-CEILINGED ROOM IN THE BACK OF HIS SHOP WHERE HE'D SPENT SO MANY HOURS DREAMING OF FELDA. FOR DAYS HE SOBBED AND MOANED...



THEY'D SEE! MEANWHILE, THE TOWNSFOLK, WHO HAD NEITHER SEEN NOR HEARD ANY SIGN OF LIFE FROM THE PHARMACY, WERE BEGINNING TO WORRY... ABOUT ROBARG? OF COURSE NOT! THEY WERE WORRIED ABOUT GETTING THEIR PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED. NEEDLESS TO SAY, WHEN LATE-NIGHT OBSERVERS REPORTED SEEING DIM LIGHT FILTERING THROUGH THE SMALL, CURTAINED WINDOWS AT THE REAR OF THE PHARMACY, THE TOWNSFOLK FELT SURE THAT ROBARG WAS ONCE AGAIN HARD AT WORK, AND THAT THEY WOULD SOON RECEIVE THEIR LONG-AWAITED PRESCRIPTIONS.

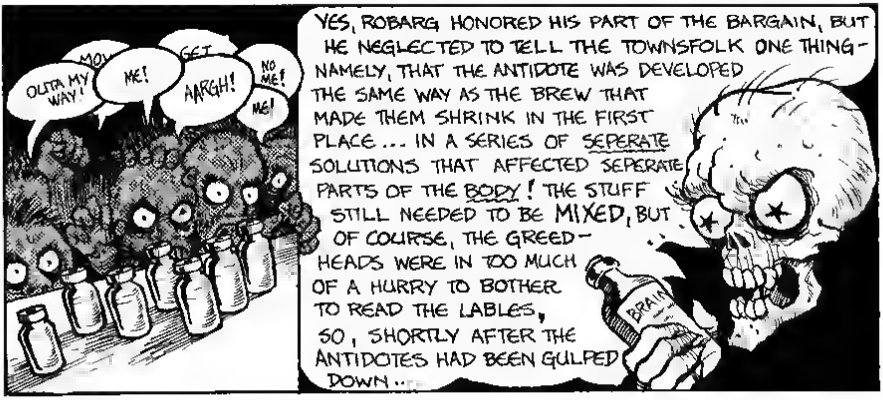
HOW RIGHT THEY WERE! ROBARG WAS INDEED BACK AT WORK, PREPARING ORDERS FOR HIS CUSTOMERS... VERY **SPECIAL ORDERS!**

WHAT WAS ROBARG UP TO? WHAT MALICIOUS MIXTURES WERE MIXED DURING THOSE LONG, DARK NIGHTS? WELL, DEAR READER, I CAN TELL YOU THAT ROBARG CONDUCTED SOME VERY INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS DURING HIS SELF-IMPOSED EXILE. CARE TO CONJECTURE AS TO THE RESULTS?
THAT'S RIGHT! ROBARG DEVELOPED A SERIES OF CHEMICAL SOLUTIONS WHICH CAUSED UNIFORM SHRINKING IN LIVING CELLS.
SOLUTIONS WHICH CAUSED BONES, ORGANS, MUSCLES, AND NERVES TO BECOME HALF THEIR NORMAL SIZE!
SOLUTIONS WHICH ROBARG MIXED IN A LARGE BEAKER.
.. AND INTRODUCED INTO HIS SELECTION OF PILLS AND POWDERS..
THE VERY MEDICINES SO EAGERLY AWAITED BY THE TOWNSFOLK TO RELIEVE THEIR VARIOUS ACHES, PAINS, AND HABITS.
WHERE YA BEEN HALF PINT?
PILLS

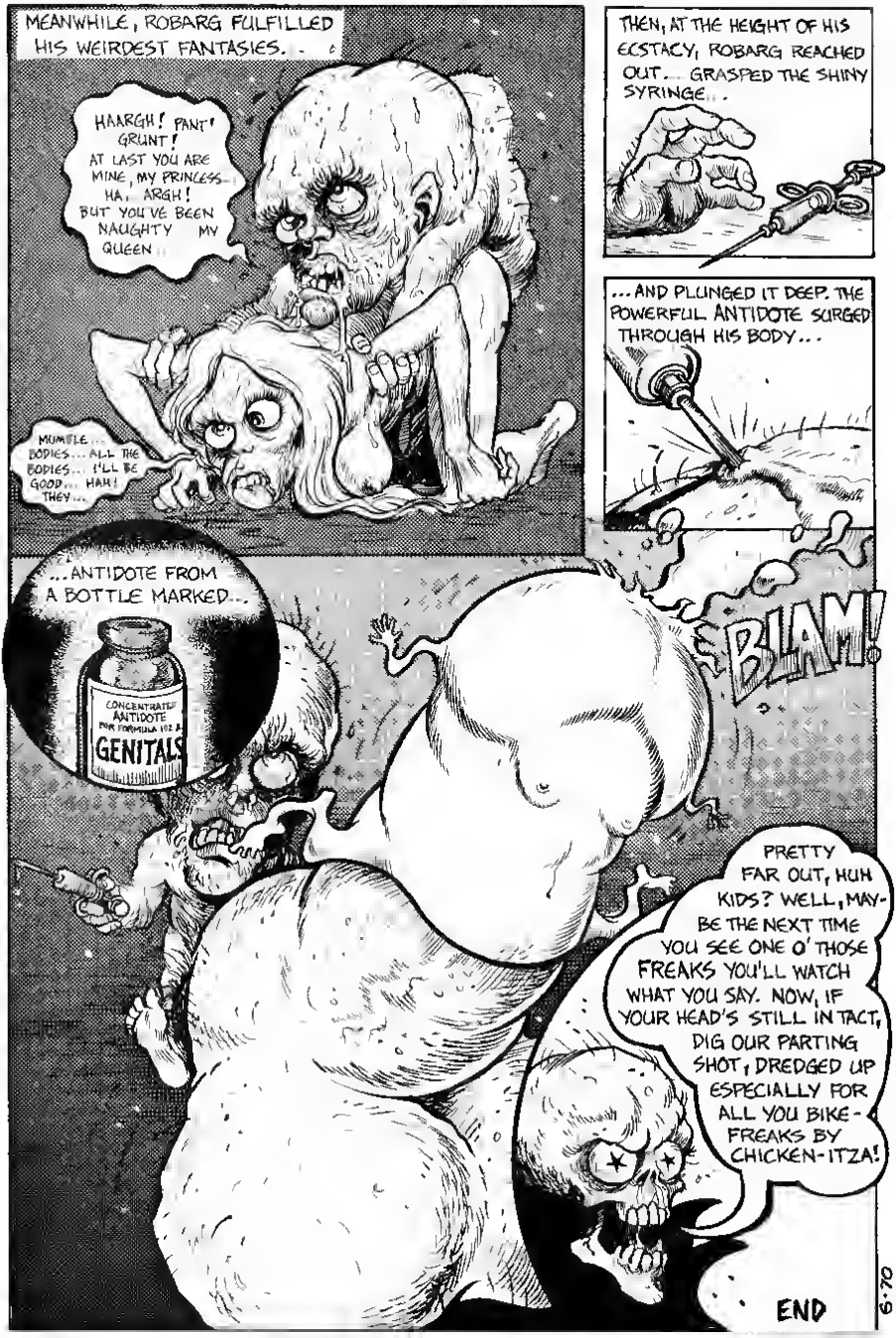
THINGS WENT ON NORMALLY FOR A WEEK OR MORE. THEN, QUITE SUDDENLY ONE MORNING...
WHA ?
?
- HUH? -
BIG MEETING OF TH' VIGILANTE COMMITTEE TONITE...
HEH! WE'LL SHOW THOSE DIRT— WHAT TH'... ?!?
NO! I'M... gasp! I'M...

THAT'S RIGHT KIDS... SHRINKING! BUT DON'T STOP NOW... HERE 'COMES THE GOOD PART!
UNBELIEVING, THE TOWNSFOLK GATHERED IN THE STREET!
WE... WE'VE SHRUNK!
AND WHAT'S WORSE... WE'RE NAKED!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO COULD'VE DONE THIS TO US...
RIGHT!
AAAGH!
HELP!
NO!
NO!
ROBARG! C'MON BOYS...
OOH DEXEDRINE!
LET'S GET 'IM!
AWRITE YA FILTHY CREEP, COM'ON OUTA THERE!
STRING 'IM UP!
PHARMACY
KILL 'IM!
YES?
YAA

RUNT!
CRUNCH! POP CRACKLE
... AND NOW MY STUNTED LITTLE FRIENDS! I HAVE SOMETHING WHICH YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN! THE ANTIDOTE, WHICH I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU IN RETURN FOR A LITTLE FAVOR! I WANT...
FELDA!
HA! THAT'S A LAUGH! THEY'LL NEVER LET YOU TAKE ME!
WOULD YOU, FELLAS?
FELLAS...?
HA HA HA! THANK YOU GENTLEMEN ... AND NOW I'LL HONOR MY PART OF TH' BARGAIN! THE ANTIDOTE IS IN THE PHARMACY!
PANT
HAH HEH HAH GRABBLE GROBL PANT
NO! EEEEEEES HELP! NO MGRUMPF...
ROBARG DEPARTED, DROOLING AND MUMBLING. THE TOWNSFOLK HEADED FOR THE PHARMACY, SHOWING REMARKABLY LITTLE REGARD FOR LIFE OR LIMB.


OLTA MY WAY!
MOV
ME!
GET
AARGH!
NO ME!
ME!
YES, ROBARG HONORED HIS PART OF THE BARGAIN, BUT HE NEGLECTED TO TELL THE TOWNSFOLK ONE THING - NAMELY, THAT THE ANTIDOTE WAS DEVELOPED THE SAME WAY AS THE BREW THAT MADE THEM SHRINK IN THE FIRST PLACE... IN A SERIES OF SEPERATE SOLUTIONS THAT AFFECTED SEPERATE PARTS OF THE BODY! THE STUFF STILL NEEDED TO BE MIXED, BUT OF COURSE, THE GREED-HEADS WERE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO BOTHER TO READ THE LABLES, SO, SHORTLY AFTER THE ANTIDOTES HAD BEEN GULPED DOWN...
BRAIN

THE SOUND OF DAMP EXPLOSIONS FILLED THE ROOM AS THE TOWNSFOLK EXPERIENCED ROBARG'S REVENGE! BODIES RUPTURED AS VIOLENTLY EXPANDING ORGANS SENT GRISTLEY DEBRIS FLYING... MUFFLED CRIES WERE HEARD AS FLESH TORE FLESH! THEN, EXCEPT FOR OCCASIONAL HISSES AND GURGLES, THERE WAS SILENCE.
FRUGRAM!
FROMP!
KRUNK
SPLA
SPLORT
BLARG!
JESUS!
WOK
PLOP!


MEANWHILE, ROBARG FULFILLED HIS WEIRDEST FANTASIES.
HAARGH! PANT! GRUNT! AT LAST YOU ARE MINE, MY PRINCESS... HA, ARGH! BUT YOU'VE BEEN NAUGHTY MY QUEEN...
MUMBLE... BODIES... ALL THE BODIES... I'LL BE GOOD... HAH! THEY...
THEN, AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS ECSTACY, ROBARG REACHED OUT... GRASPED THE SHINY SYRINGE...
...AND PLUNGED IT DEEP. THE POWERFUL ANTIDOTE SURGED THROUGH HIS BODY...
...ANTIDOTE FROM A BOTTLE MARKED...
CONCENTRATED ANTIDOTE FOR FORMULA 102 A
GENITALS
BLAM!
PRETTY FAR OUT, HUH KIDS? WELL, MAYBE THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE ONE O' THOSE FREAKS YOU'LL WATCH WHAT YOU SAY. NOW, IF YOUR HEAD'S STILL INTACT, DIG OUR PARTING SHOT, DREDGED UP ESPECIALLY FOR ALL YOU BIKE-FREAKS BY CHICKEN-ITZA!
END
6-70

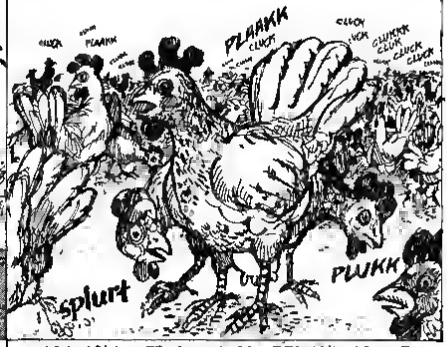
HIYA GANG! OL' CHICKEN ITZA HERE WITH A LITTLE FUTURISTIC TIME-WARP TALE TO TICKLE YOUR FEW-REMAINING NERVE ENDINGS. I SAY 'FEW REMAINING' BECAUSE OUR STORY TAKES PLACE AFTER THE BOMBS FALL, AND THERE AIN'T MUCH LEFT OF ANYTHING EXCEPT FOR A FEW REMOTE COMMUNES AND GANGS OF MOTORCYCLE WARLORDS THAT CALL THEMSELVES THE 'CHICKEN FUCKERS. THEY'RE A SWELL BUNCH OF GUYS, BUT SINCE THE COMMUNES ALL SPECIALIZE IN CHICKEN FARMING, CERTAIN PROBLEMS ARE BOUND TO COME UP... LIKE THE TIME WHEN THEY SWOOPED DOWN ON A COOP AND FOUND A SWEET YOUNG PULLET WHO HAPPENED TO LIKE HER COCK FRICASSEED! I CALL THE REVULSING OMELET,

Pussy Whipped!

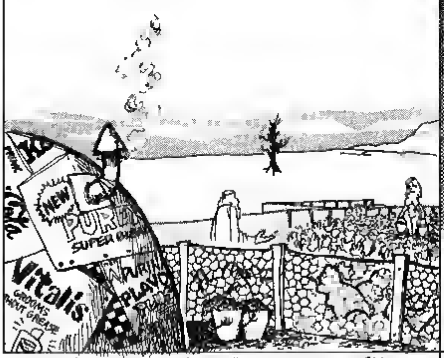
jaxon

LIFE ISN'T EASY FOR THOSE SPARED BY THE HOLOCAUST. THE CITIES ARE DESERTED RUBBLE; MOTHER NATURE, CHOKED BY RADIATION, YIELDS NO FOOD.

IN FACT, JUST ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT WILL GROW IS A MUTANT-STRAIN OF CHICKEN, WHICH FEEDS ON SHREDDED PLASTIC.



CONSEQUENTLY, THE PEOPLE THAT ESCAPED TO THE HILLS HAVE ALL TURNED TO CHICKEN FARMING AS A MEANS OF SURVIVAL.



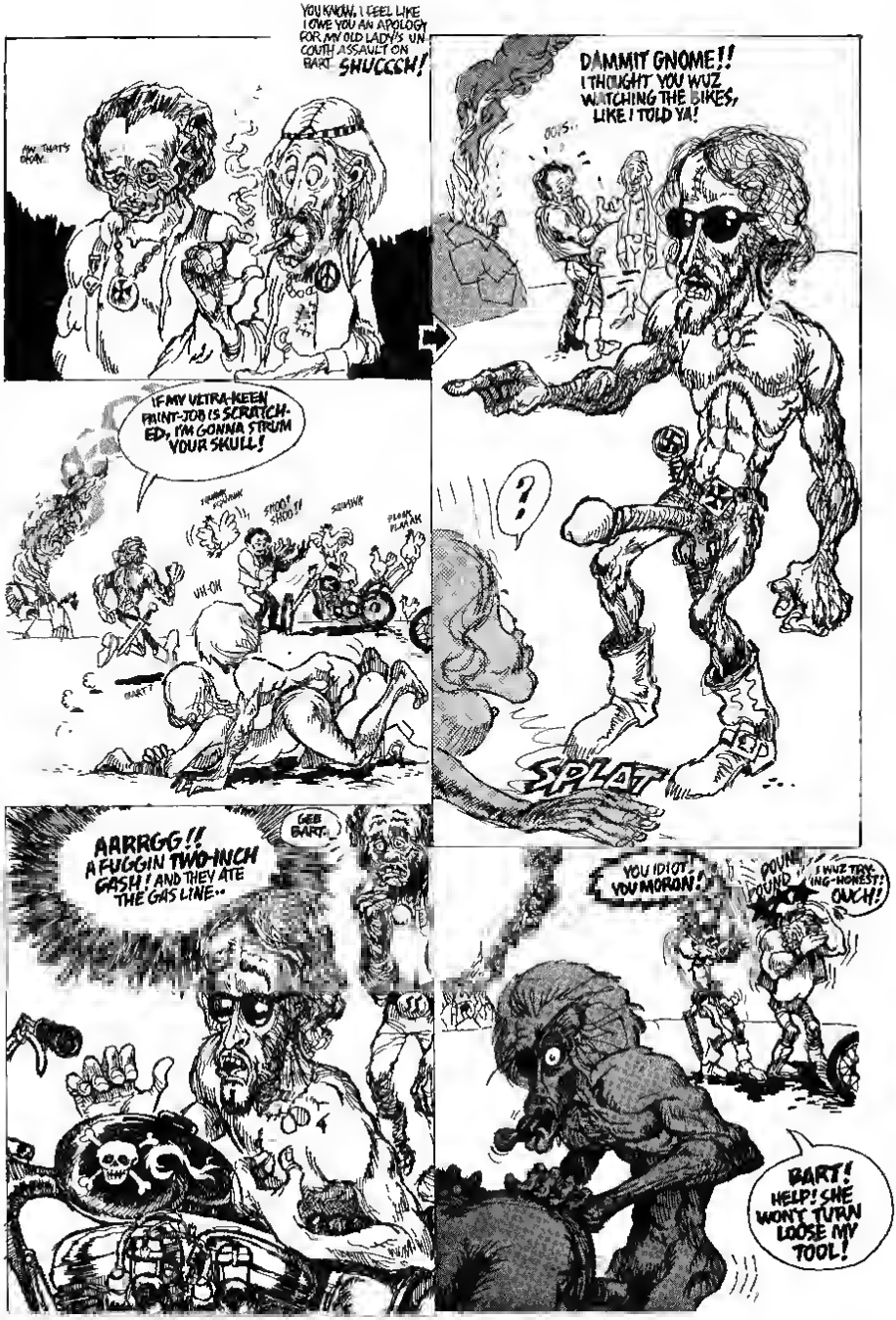
IT IS A HARD LIFE, EMPTY AND DEMANDING. NO WONDER PAMELA PULLYBONE IS ILL-TEMPERED..

HER OLD MAN DOESN'T HELP MATTERS MUCH.

BEFORE SHE CAN RETORT, A CLOUD OF DUST, ACCOMPANIED BY A DEEP-THROATED ROAR, UNMISTAKABLY SIGNALS THE APPROACH OF DISASTER!

BUT AS SHE RUNS, HER THOUGHTS RUN WITH HER..
THE CHICKEN FUCKERS! HMMM
FROM HER HIDING PLACE, PAMELA WATCHES WITH WIDE EYES THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHAGGY BARBARIANS.
GNOME! SET FIRE TO THAT DOME! CRETIN! ROUND UP THEM CHICKENS!
ALRIGHT CHICKEN FARMER, WHERE YOU HIDIN' YOUR OLD LADY.
VIRGINIA VARTOOM
ALL SHE HAS WORKED FOR IS GOING UP IN FLAMES. THIS MEANS STARTING AGAIN FROM SCRATCH! HER FRAIL FIGURE TREMBLES AT THE AGONIZING PROSPECT..
JEEZ, THAT CAT IS HUNG!
AT LAST, PAMELA RESOLVES HER PERPLEXING PROBLEM. SHE STRIDES BOLDLY TOWARD THE MEN.
WELL WELL LOOKY HERE.. HIYA TOOTS!
ANGUISH FLOODS THE FARMER'S FACE, FOR HE KNOWS THE CRUEL FATE OF HILL WOMEN AT THE MERCY OF THE DEPRAVED CHICKEN FUCKERS!
PAMELA, WHAT'S.. GOTTEN INTO YOU?
I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH THIS SHITTY SCENE! I'M NOT YOUR FUCKIN' SLAVE, YOU SPINELESS, LIMP-CLUNKERED CREEP!
I WANT TO MEET SOME REAL MEN FOR A CHANGE!
GNOME, KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE WHEELS
SURE THING, BWA!

BUT BEFORE BLACK BART CAN MAKE A MOVE, PAMELA, NOT WANTING TO APPEAR UNSOCIAL, PROMPTLY LATCHES ONTO HIS PRIVATE MEMBER.
?
SLURP
MUNCH
WHAT THE BACKWARD HILL WOMEN LACK IN SOCIAL FINESSE IS OFTEN COMPENSATED FOR BY THEIR DIRECT AND FORTHRIGHT MANNER. CRETIN, FOR INSTANCE, IS INTRIGUED BY PAMELA'S GREETING GESTURE.
HMM..
SYONK
PAMELA- I JUST CALL'D
AHH.. NOTHIN' LIKE MAKIN' NEW ACQUAINTANCES, EH GNOME?
SHHH!! DONT DISTRACK ME CRETIN.. I'M BUSY GUARDING THE SCOOTERS, LIKE BART SAID..
PAMELA- I THINK THAT'S U.. MEAN..
HOZIT GOIN' DOWN THERE BART?
YAWL HAVE NICE WEATHER 'ROUND THESE PARTS? MURGHUMPH
MUNCHA MUCHA MUCHA
DONT TAKE IT SO HARD OLD CHAP HERE HAVE A TOKE, PANAMA RED!
PAMELA- I'ER PANAMA "DOPE" DID YOU SAY DOPEY GOAT! I AIN'T LAID EYES ON A REEFER SINCE I WUZ A KID IN THE HAIGHT ASHBURY!
PING!


YOU KNOW, I FEEL LIKE I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY FOR MY OLD LADY'S UN-COUTH ASSAULT ON BART.
SHUCCCH!
AW, THAT'S OKAY.
DAMMIT GNOME!! I THOUGHT YOU WUZ WATCHING THE BIKES, LIKE I TOLD YA!
DUDS..
?
SPLAT
IF MY ULTRA-KEEN PAINT-JOB IS SCRATCH-ED, I'M GONNA STRUM YOUR SKULL!
STOOP SHOOP!!
SCRAWK
PLANK PLANK
UH-OH
BART?
AARRGG!! A FUGGIN TWO-INCH GASH! AND THEY ATE THE GAS LINE..
GEEB BART..
YOU IDIOT! YOU MORON!
POUND POUND
I WUZ TRY-ING-HONEST! OUCH!
BART! HELP! SHE WON'T TURN LOOSE MY TOOL!

LEGGO MY BUDDY'S PRICK, YOU UNGRATEFUL WENCH! SOME THANKS WE GET FOR COMING ALL THE WAY OUT HERE AND PROVIDING YOU WITH ALL THIS EXCITEMENT!
CUNT MUSCLES LIKE A VISE..
POIT
FINALLY, THEIR LUST SPENT AND GAS LINE REPAIRED, THE MOTORCYCLE WARLORDS PREPARE TO PUSH ON
TAKE ME WITH YOU! I'LL POLISH YOUR BIKES, BE YOUR SLAVE, ANYTHING! JUST TAKE ME WITH YOU!
HA! FAT CHANCE BUSS.. WE'RE GOIN' OVER THE FORBIDDEN ROUTE, AND THAT AIN'T NO PLACE FOR EXTRA LUGGAGE.
OFF THEY ROAR, ON MOUNTS OF STEEL, DRIVING THE HEAD OF CHICKENS BEFORE THEM, LEAVING POOR, DISTRAUGHT PAMELA IN A CLOUD OF DUST.
WAIT! WAIT!
BUT NOT FOR LONG!
COME BACK MY LOVELY NEW FRIENDS. IT WAS TOO GOOD TO END THIS WAY!
AFTER THEM SHE PLUNGES, OUT ACROSS THE PARCHED, RADIOACTIVE WASTES, THE FORBIDDEN FLATS, WHERE NOTHING ON FOOT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO SURVIVE..
I'M GREAT AT SURGEON PLASTIC, AND I CAN SEW.
DO NOT ENTER THIS IS A CONTAMINATED AREA! EXTREME DANGER
GRADUALLY THE LETHAL ELEMENTS BEGIN TO CONSUME PAMELA, EATING RAVENOUSLY AT HER FAIR FEATURES.
ZZZ
AND I MAKE AN OUTASITE CHICKEN FOOT STEW!
STILL, SHE TRUDGES ON, FOLLOWING THE DIM TRACKS, BUT SHE IS NO MATCH FOR THE UBIQUITOUS COSMIC ROT!
ZZZTTTT
I FEEL FAINT.. THIRSTY

FINALLY SHE CAN GO NO FURTHER. HER MOLTEN LIPS PART IN ONE LAST GASP— SHE IS DEAD!

BEBA!

I'LL FIND YOU.. MY HASTY.. LOVERS.

BUT WAIT! WHAT UNSPEAKABLE HORROR STIRS IN HER PUTRID CORPSE? WHAT UNKNOWN FESTER OF THE RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND IS SPEWING FORTH ITS CORRUPTION OUT OF PAMELA'S STIFF?

WHATEVER IT IS, IT POSSESSES A GHOULISH PURPOSE!

GNOME, I'M COMING! BE PATIENT..

AND IT MOVES TOWARD A DISTANT GATHERING OF VARIOUS COMMUNE FOLK, OR "TRIBES", WHERE A FESTIVAL SPONSORED BY THE CHICKEN FUCKERS IS IN PROGRESS..

TONITE! LIVE MUSI

ADMISSION 1 CHICKEN

NO ONE CAN QUITE REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT PURPOSE THESE MYSTICAL RITES ORIGINALLY SERVED. THE OLD TIMERS RANT ENDLESSLY ABOUT ALL THE RAMIFICATIONS.

IT WUZ, "OOM-BOP-AW-LULA-BA-LOP-BAM-BOOP"

BAM BOOM! I TELL YEW.

NOPE! IT STARTED WITH UH "WOP"

SUCH ESOTERIC QUESTIONS MEAN LITTLE TO GNOME. AS USUAL, HE IS RIPPED ON WINE AND REDS, AND FOOLING AROUND.

DUHH..

DOWN A LITTLE BIT, TO THE LEFT, MMM.. THERE...

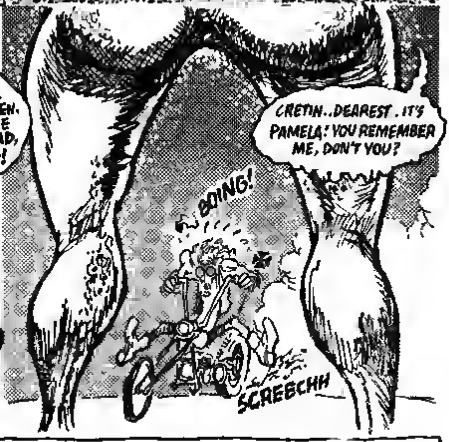
SUDDENLY A HUSHED SILENCE DESCENDS ON THE CROWD. ALL EYES ARE RIVETED TO THE EERILY-GLOWING SPECTER THAT IS FLOATING TOWARD A BOMBED-OUT GNOME!

YUK YUK

TOO LATE DOES HE REALIZE THE ELECTRIFING NATURE OF THIS GROUPIE! OUTASITE, GNOME.

AFTER THE ENSUING TUMULT, PAMELA IS LEFT ALONE TO RELISH TENDER MOMENTS WITH HER BEDAZZLED LOVER.

WHY, HERE HE IS, PAMELA.. CRUISING ALONG ON HIS CHOPPER, DEEP IN MEDITATION!



NOW CRETIN, DON'T PLAY HARD TO GET!! YOU'RE MINE, AND SO IS BART! YOU'LL SEE.. A LOVE LIKE OURS CAN'T BE DENIED...
ROARRRRRR!
SKREE EEEEE!
MEANWHILE, AT THE CHICKEN PICKER CLUBHOUSE, BLACK BART LISTENS WITH FURROWED BROW TO A REPORT OF THE GOIN'S-ON AT THE TRIBAL ROCK FESTIVAL..
FRIED, BART, IT WUZ GAWD AWFUL!
THIS KINDA SHIT'S GOTTA STOP! IT'S BAD FOR BUSINESS..
BART! IT'S ALL OVER TOWN US! THAT HORRIBLE CHICK, SHE'S AFTER US!
SEE HER NAME'S PAMELA, AND SHE'S HOT FOR OUR BODIES! OH GOD - SHE WUZ COMIN FOR MY JOINT!
PAMELA? PAMELA? I DON'T KNOW NO BROAD NAMED PAMELA -- LEMME SEE - PATRICIA PATTY, PEGGY, PETULLIA, PETALUMA -
MAYBE IT'S YER OLD LADY, FOLLOWED YA OUT FROM JERSEY..
I'LL BET IT'S AN ALIAS..
AS A LAST MEASURE OF DESPERATION, BART CALLS A BRAIN-STORMING SESSION..
CRICK!
FEATHERS!
DOWN!
LAID!
EGG?
THINK, DAMMIT! THINK!
THAT'S IT! SHE'S A SECRET WEAPON THAT THE CHICKEN FARMERS ARE USING TO BUST OUR HOLD ON THE EGG MARKET!
WHY, THOSE SLIMY SHITS!
THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES! GHOON, GET THE SCRAPBOOK!
AHA! THIS IS IT! PAGE 342! THIS TACTIC HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO FAIL IN SHAKIN' OFF CREEPY CUNTS! IT'S CALLED 'THE EXPLODIN' COCK' -- VIC THE VAGRANT TO KEEP HIS OLD LADY FROM ALLA-TIME SUCKIN' OFF HIS PET ROOSTER!
HOWZIT WORK?

SIMPLE! YOU JUST TIE A VIAL OF NITRO GLYCERIN TO YOUR ROOT AND THE BROAD WIPES HERSELF OUT!
HMM.. SOUNDS PRETTY RISKY..
LISTEN MAN.. THE CHICKEN FUCKER OFFICIAL SCRAPBOOK DON'T MAKE MISTAKES! IT'S THE LAST WORD, MAN! THE WISDOM OF THE AGES, JACK!
— AND WHUT I'M NEEDIN RIGHT NOW IS A VOLUNTEER!
SOMEWHAT LATER..
BART.. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS..
KEEP COOL CRETIN.. JUST HOLD TIGHT TO YOUR PLAQUE AND WE'LL SOON BE RID OF THAT PESKY DAME!
HONORARY ORDER
WE'RE COUNTIN' ON YOU ACE. THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE, SO REMEMBER— SIT STILL!
CHICKEN FUCKERS
MC
FROM A SAFE DISTANCE..
HERE SHE COMES..
CRETIN.. IT'S ME!
DON'T LET US DOWN, CRETIN BABY..
SOCK IT TO HER, GAGE
AHH
HANG IN THERE CRETIN
C'MON CRETIN
KA-FLUMP

FOOF!
WHEW!
WELL BOYS, SO MUCH FOR THAT OBNOXIOUS BROAD, EH? HA! HOW 'BOUT THAT! HA HA!
WA-HOO!
HA! HA HA!
BART, MY STALWART STUD, MY RELUCTANT ROMEO, MY LITL' TURTLE DOVE.. I'M COMING.. I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN..
HOLY SHEE-IT!
I COULD WANNA FAR OUT YOU!
DROING!
BART, WHERE YA GOIN'? BART! DON'T LEAVE!
VVARROOM!
BART, MY SWEET!
BART
ADIOS, CHICKEN FUCKERS!
RRRARRRR
THE END
YAWN.. EVERYTHING'S SURE A LOT MORE PEACEFUL THESE DAYS— NOW THAT THE CHICKEN FUCKERS HAVE DISBANDED. EVERY ONCE IN A-WHILE PAMELA IS STILL SPOTTED, GLIDING ALONG ABANDONED EXPRESSWAYS, CALLING TO HER BELOVED BLACK BART!
BART? OH, HE JUST SORTA' DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR— DROPPED CLEAN OUTA' SIGHT! BUT WHEREVER HE IS, YOU CAN BET HE'S BUSY TRYIN' TO SHAKE A PARTICULARLY CREEPY CHICK!
CLUCK?
SPLUT!

TIRED OF IT ALL?
TIRED? TRY
DEATH
DO THE WORLD A FAVOR!
DO YOURSELF IN
1. DEPOSIT TEN CENTS
2. SIT BACK
...AND IF YOU CALL 339-7000 NOW THIS MAN WILL BURY YOU - FREE!
AND IF YOU'RE REALLY EARNEST
WE'LL THROW THIS IN!
ENTRANCE
This Man will ★ESCORT★ You there at NO EXTRA Cost!
3 ALL-EXPENSE WEEKS IN SPACIOUS HELL
SHERIDAN '70

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A MONTH WITH THIS?
You name it!
NO ONE CAN BEAT US!
1. YOUR WILDEST FANTASIES IMPECCABLY STAGED!!
ACTION!
MEET OUR FAMOUS "LEATHER NUN"
CHAINS! WHIPS!! KNIVES!
WHATEVER YOU WANT!
WRITE TODAY!
CONTROL OTHER PEOPLES MINDS
THE SECRET OF THE AGES REVEALED!
ONE TO A CUST.
COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS ENCLOSED
ACT NOW!
MAKE FOOLS OF YOUR FRIENDS
TAKE ME SOMEPLACE AND BALL ME! PLEASE!
THIS COULD BE YOU!

Copies of Skull #1 + #2, Slow Death #1 + #2 and It Ain't Me, Babe (Womens Liberation) are !!!
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